FIRST WOMAN PROHIBITION AGENT SAYS HER SEX MUST SEE TO LAW ENFORCEMENT

"WOMEN Must Be Aroused to Their Responsibility," She Says in Interview—To Demand Respect for the Eighteenth Amendment—Reports of Improved Conditions From Social Workers, Teachers and Others. What Has Happened to the Towns That Manufactured Great Quantities of Whisky.

BY MAYME OBER PEAK.

TUCKED in the corner of a busy office at prohibition headquarters here in Washington is an important new desk, occupied by the first woman prohibition agent, Miss Georgia Hopley, a fragile, blue-eyed, fair-haired woman not much bigger than the miniature typewriter on which she rattles out "back talk" at lawmakers and lawbreakers alike.

The desk bristles with newspaper clippings, marked copies of magazines and correspondence. Overhead are tacked autographed pictures of the President and the first lady—Ohio neighbors of Miss Hopley's—centered by a clearcut profile of Abraham Lincoln. Underneath the group is conspicuous print of the famous Lincoln appeal: "Let reverence for the laws be the political religion of the nation."

Pointing to this as her "declaration of principle," on the afternoon the writer called to ascertain what manner of woman Uncle Sam had singled out as "moonshine chaser," Miss Hopley observed: "The only way to have respect for the law is to see that people obey the law. It is not what one wants or does not want individually, but what is on the statute books for enforcement is the question which should be uppermost. The disrespecter of law is the disrespecter of government.

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"WHILE sober facts show a remarkable indication on the part of the people at large to respect the eighteenth amendment, the rebellion against it in other quarters and the evil effect is obvious. I am just now answering through the press a statement made by a representative on the floor of Congress that 'for the past few years conditions under prohibition have been nothing but straight hell,' by quoting the highest authority of the nation—President Harding—who stated recently: 'In every community men and women have had an opportunity now to know what prohibition means. They know that debts are more promptly paid, families better fed and clothed, and more money finds its way into the savings banks. The liquor traffic was destructive of much that was most precious in American life. In another generation I believe that liquor will have disappeared not only from our politics, but from our memories.'

"From everywhere come reports of improved conditions—civic, domestic, social, physical, mental, moral, financial and spiritual. School superintendents are unanimous in their opinion that continuation of the enforcement means better Americans. They report pupils healthier and happier, more punctual and thrifty, with fewer echoes of trouble at home.

"Social workers state that their experience with families shows that the difficulties formerly met with, occasioned by intemperance and alcoholism, have almost entirely disappeared. Their nurses in follow-up work report marked improvement in the condition of the parents of the children and a family life of far different atmosphere. Former depressed and discouraged state of mind on the part of mothers has disappeared.

"One of these nurses told a story which is typical. Hailed across the street by a woman who was an expatient, she was asked to 'come and see my baby carriage. In ten years, with eight children to carry round in my arms, I have never been able to buy a baby carriage. Now, thanks to prohibition, I have a baby carriage instead of Jack hanging 'round the corner saloon.'

"Another woman, mother of six children, says: 'I thank God for prohibition; it has given me a home and Johnnie is going to high school instead of to work.'"

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"THE two general ports of refuge for heavy drinking men—the hospital and jail, where the ultimate effects of drink may be observed in all their nakedness—are no longer deluged with human wrecks. The vanishing of the open saloon has reduced both emergency and chronic cases of alcoholism and its attendant diseases. A Boston institution, formerly a home for the care of alcoholic and drug cases, became last July a boarding home. 'National prohibition worked so well that there was little for me to do,' reports Dr. C. J. Douglas, who conducted a similar sanatorium in Boston, 'and consequently I have sold my property to a religious order.'

"Aside from the liquor business itself, this is about the only business that has been hurt by the eighteenth amendment. Places formerly used for the manufacture or sale of drink have been converted into useful concerns, where more people are employed in legitimate and non-destructive enterprises than formerly.

"The world's banner whisky towns—Peoria, Ill., and Louisville Ky.—are now banner manufacturing towns, with more men employed and more money involved than in the old days. But the greatest asset which has come to Peoria and Louisville because of prohibition has been the fact that the young people are not drinking or learning to drink. In the past they would start to drink beer and proceed from that to stronger liquors. Now they absolutely refuse to try to cultivate a liquor appetite on hair tonic, shoe polish, varnish, moonshine or homebrew. A generation from now these cities will have a population which not only does not know the taste of liquor, but will read in unbelieving wonder of the time when saloons were sources of revenue and entertainment.

"Of course, there is no pretense that prohibition has settled all of life's problems in these and other cities. But the benefit from it has been so tremendous that, to quote President Harding again, 'It cannot see what conscientious man would let his own selfish desires influence him to vote for its repeal.'

"What about the responsibility of the new voter?" the writer asked at this point. "Is it true that more women are drinking today than ever before?"

"A certain type, perhaps," replied Miss Hopley, "but not the backbone of the nation. It is a curious thing that while prohibition has tamed the so-called wild women, the old offender who constantly appeared before the police courts or the working girl type who was dazzled by the white lights and by alcoholic beverages, the woman of leisure, whose husband had probably provided against the drought, drinks more."

"Are there many woman moonshiners?" was asked.

"More than is generally realized," sighed Miss Hopley, "not only among the poor, ignorant mountaineers who have depended upon it for a livelihood, but among the well-to-do in the cities who seem to consider it a lark to either break the law themselves or aid and abet their husbands. Private stills are set up in furnace cellars, in bathtubs and in some cases women use their ice cream freezers for this purpose.

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"BUT while it is true that many are making homebrew, it is also true that no family continues to make it long. The consumer usually has to go in for a course of medical treatment."

"How about the woman bootlegger?" it was asked.

"There you have the worst problem for prohibition officials. They resort to all sorts of tricks, concealing metal containers in their clothing, in false bottoms of trunks and traveling bags, and even in baby buggies. On the Canadian, Mexican and Florida borders inspectors are constantly on the lookout for women bootleggers, who try to smuggle liquor into the states. Their detection and arrest is far more difficult than that of the male law-breakers."

"Is your work confined to the female law-breakers?"

"My work is constructive publicity. My job is to educate and arouse the public to the importance of law enforcement in general and enforcement of the eighteenth amendment in particular. Just as I was instrumental in getting the governor of my home state, Ohio, to set aside February 12, Lincoln's birthday, as Law Enforcement day for Ohio, so will I attempt to enlist the co-operation of all organizations of women—church, club and educational—in the matter of having a day set aside as Law Enforcement day for the nation.

"Women need awakening to their responsibility in law enforcement as well as law making. I shall endeavor to impress upon them the absolute necessity of personal work from the present moment.

"The general public will stop a fight in the open thoroughfare, prevent a man from cruelty to his horse or other animal, or from wife-beating, without quibbling about interfering with his personal right. In all three cases he is liable to arrest. Then why should the general public not be interested in and indignant at the cruelties that are perpetrated in the home where drunkenness prevails?"

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SPECIAL interest attaches to the fact that this first woman prohibition agent hails from the state where were born the four great temperance movements—the Woman's Temperance Crusade, organized at Hillsboro (Commissioner Haynes' home), in 1873; the National W. C. T. U. at Cleveland, November, 1874; the prohibition party, Mansfield, 1869, and the Anti-Saloon League, Oberlin, 1873.

Beginning her temperance work as a high school girl, Miss Hopley took up the crusade started a generation back by her mother. Fifty years later, she, as director of publicity and organizer of women in the municipal campaign at Columbus, gave the wet candidate for mayor the worst licking of his political life. She wrote a half-page advertisement for a Columbus daily which was declared the finest piece of literature brought out during the campaign. The women's campaign for civic betterment attracted so much attention that the assistant editor of a prominent woman's magazine was delegated to go to Columbus to write it up.

Coming from a family of republicans, Miss Hopley has taken an active part in politics ever since the opportunity was given her. She is vice president of the Woman's Republican Club of Ohio; during the Harding campaign she was in charge of the organization and publicity work at the Columbus headquarters, and at the Chicago convention served as hostess at the republican campaign headquarters. She has three times been honored with state appointments by the chief executive of Ohio. In 1900 she was appointed a member of the board of woman managers to the Paris exposition, a year later was named a member of a similar board of the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo, and later was appointed special examiner of workshops and factories in Ohio.

Her father, the late John Hopley, was editor and proprietor of the Bucyrus Journal and Evening Telegram, and was spoken of as the "nestor of Ohio journalism." It was while working in the office of one of her brothers, who at the time was secretary of the state prohibition party, that Miss Hopley conceived the idea that a young woman should be better qualified to report certain events for newspapers than a man, and she wrote the editor of a Columbus newspaper to that effect.

"Of course, it was not customary in those days," she told the writer, "for young women to engage in any public work, and when the editor's reply promptly came suggesting my coming to Columbus to talk the matter over, I carried the letter in my pocket three days before I gained sufficient courage to show it to my family.

"My mother accompanied me to Columbus, and I was retained as society editor and feature writer at ten dollars a week—a fortune in those days. I later became correspondent for other papers of the state and also supplied a syndicate of religious, temperance and trades papers with special matter.

Besides the four brothers who are connected with the Bucyrus newspapers, Miss Hopley has two sisters prominently engaged in mission, temperance and newspaper work. Miss Harriet Hopley, secretary of the Chinese Sunday schools of Chicago, is recognized as an authority on the Christian Chinese. She has taught for twenty years. Miss Mary Hopley, the other Chicago sister, is head of the "open door" department of the Woman's Temple and assistant editor of the Temple Appeal.

MISS GEORGIA HOPLEY OF OHIO, THE FIRST WOMAN PROHIBITION AGENT.

RECENT FRENCH RESEARCH WORK SHOWS THAT "ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN"

STERLING HEILIG, Writing From Tours, Gives Some Glimpses of a Famous Family Through Late Discoveries—St. Patrick's People "Belonged to the Roman Military Government and Shifted Patrician Residence Over All Europe"—Authentic Golden Bust of An Uncle, and the Mother's Sepulchral Portrait.

BY STERLING HEILIG.

TOURS, March 2, 1922.

WHO was St. Patrick? An old ballad, full of native Irish wit, informs us that "St. Patrick was a gentleman and came of decent people," and it is notable that the tradition, preserved in its quaint doggerel, should bear directly on recent researches of fascinating interest to the average reader.

Numerous and popular as are the legends of Ireland's patron saint, it has been generally conceded that most of the authentic information is found in two Latin works—St. Patrick's "Letters to Coroticus" (marauding Welsh chieftain, whom he calls down for various crimes), and more especially his "Confessions," kind of autobiography of his public and official life. Yet modern learning, digging deep in the uncatalogued masses of the Vatican library and the Ecole des Chartes in Paris, may throw new light on things unknown or merely surmised, and those who have access to the "Confessions" in their completeness will find paragraphs here and there that will no longer seem obscure after reading this account of another's work.

The popular accounts begin regularly with the little slave boy who herded sheep for a heathen master on the slopes of County Antrim, Ireland. Yet the boy had not been born in slavery and noble blood flowed in his veins. As son of Calpurnius, Roman patrician and magistrate, freedom was his birthright. "And," as a popular biography continues, "we are safe in surmising that his childhood's home afforded every comfort known to the luxury-loving Romans of his day."

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ONE should say so! I have known of these researches since 1911. How I regret that they are not my own to spread before the world! During all the time that the A. E. F. was at Tours I kept hands off them by promise. Another, who made them, is putting them into a book. But with what he gives me I have a luminous vision.

It is the vision of a cultured and cosmopolitan family of patrician government functionaries intermarried with the army, habituated to travel, shifting luxurious residence over all Europe in a period that still inherited the good roads, splendid cities, baths, forums, promenades, seaside resorts and mountain hot baths, with the arts, industries and commerce of the august Roman peace.

How otherwise could Conchessa, St. Patrick's mother, have been born in what has become the present Hungarian and somewhat damaged city of Kothburg, lived a young wife and bore her illustrious son near Dumbarton, Scotland, and died in the rich Gallo-Roman city of Tours, today the center of the French chateau district for tourists and late headquarters of the S. O. S.?

Yet all becomes simple and understandable when you remember that Conchessa was the niece (and some say sister) of St. Martin of Tours, himself born equally in that Pannonian city of Kothburg, which modern Hungarians still call Sarwar, from Sabaria, its antique name as Martin and Conchessa knew it.

Martin's father was military tribune there, and the family evidently made a long and happy station on the south bank of the Danube, near the Hercules Baths (which still exist), and where the Emperor Trajam soaked his rheumatisms. What a picture it gives of the long-settled civilization before Franks, Goths and Huns overran the empire! Regular mails by horse relays and quick freight by superior canalboats went up and down the Danube. Modern tourists (like myself) have been shown parts of road and towpath hewn in rock hundreds of miles apart.

St. Martin, youngest son, quit the military tribune's palace down there at the age of fifteen to go off as a Roman lieutenant. His elder sister was already married, in the natural course of things, so that his little girl niece, Conchessa, born likewise down there, grew up in a society like that so beautifully attributed to the sisters of Parthenius by Kipling in his "Puck of Pook's Hill," shifted residence, as those girls had to do, and finally married Calpurnius, young military magistrate, whose post was exactly the luxurious but far-flung Roman city (most extraordinary in the empire, a single street thirty miles long!), whom Kipling makes his hero defend in that epic "Holding of the Wall."

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IT was the wall of Severus, away up in what is now north England or south Scotland. To the south was all Roman civilization. To the north were Picts and Scots, called "the "Painted People," and who were certainly raiders. Kipling's story may be used as a perfect picture of the situation of Calpurnius and Conchessa after the withdrawal of too many legions had permitted occasional raids through breaches in the wall.

On such a raid their little son, Succat, was kidnaped from their villa, near the head of the Solway, conveyed to the opposite coast of Ireland and sold into slavery.

The gentle-bred Christian youth became the property of Milcho, wealthy cattle breeder of north Ireland. Succat was his name, but Milcho and his crowd called him Patricius, "the young patrician," whence Patrick.

Although he had to lead a slave's life, Patrick had this luck—that his owners, the rich Irish of the day, enjoyed a civilization of their own and a valuable literature, and they remain remarkable as the only pagan people who were made Christians without wholesale martyrdoms of apostles and neophytes.

There were chiefs and serfs, strong houses and big banquet halls, huge herds of horses, cattle, sheep and swine, and kings and queens, lords and ladies, and their famous fighting men and their wives wore garments of crimson and blue, green and saffron, plain or chequered, plaid or striped. They had rings, clasps, pins and torques of gold, urns, mugs and vessels of silver and iron. They played chess by the fires in their great halls, and they feasted and drank and quarreled while the ladies sat, ladylike, in their sun parlors.

The sixteen-year-old boy liked these Irish people well in the six years of his slavery. Which explains his return to them later as a missionary. Even while escaping he thought of them tenderly, so that the cry, "We pray thee come and hence-forth walk among us," which Patrick heard in exalted moments, seemed always as proceeding from the woods near Killala bay, where he lay hidden, waiting to embark on a ship bound for England.

When Patrick got home safely the overjoyed Conchessa wished to keep him with her. The self-reliant, hard-trained hero of twenty-one obeyed his parents, but taking risks had become natural to him, and the breach in the wall of Severus was tempting. Twice he was captured while adventuring into Picts' country, and twice again he escaped. His mother could not stand it. The family had something of a drag at Rome. They had done long service in the chilly north of England.

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SO mamma used political pull to get them shifted to fair France. Did all three go to Tours? Or did Calpurnius die on the road? And was it Patrick who removed his mother to the protection of her powerful Uncle Martin, for fifteen years past the Bishop of Tours?

In any case, it is plain history that Patrick went to Tours, where he embraced the monastic life, and Uncle Martin, opulent bishop of that brilliant center, obeyed and venerated like a king, for all his simple life, was able to settle his widowed niece, a lady by birth and breeding, in cultured society that would cherish her after his death, which was to take place soon, on an episcopal trip in Touraine.

It was not the first time Patrick's mamma had seen her Uncle Martin since he quit the palace on the Danube, he a youth of fifteen, she a little girl.

How they traveled in those days is seen by the fact that less than a year after leaving home, away down there, Martin arrived with his legion at the gates of Amiens, in north France, where occurred the incident so celebrated in Christian art. Noticing a poor man, insufficiently clad, in the cold, young Martin cut his heavy military cloak in half and gave him one of the pieces.

In between then and his twentieth year Martin had been baptized, resigned from the army and gone to study with St. Hilary at Poitiers. He was going off with Hilary to north Italy when the great man said: "First pay a visit to your family. You have not seen them for a long time."

So Uncle Martin is seen again in the old home on the Danube, where his mother and grandmother still lived, because he then and there converted them. They were good people, already under Christian influence. Doubtless, his niece, Conchessa, joined up also, because at the next glimpse we have of her she was found married to that Christian man, Calpurnius, not only military magistrate, but deacon. Thus Patrick was a Christian boy from birth.

Meanwhile Martin had joined Hilary in north Italian exile, built himself a hermitage, where he meditated ten years, and finally returned to Poitiers with Hilary, where he erected the first monastery in Gaul and directed it for several years. Elected Bishop of Tours against his will, he continued to live as much as possible the simple life in that rich episcopal see.

All these outline facts are necessary to understand the situation in which St. Patrick left his mother, well settled, at Tours. Uncle Martin was no stranger to her.

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MARTIN'S virtues and his numerous conversions of high-placed pagans (patricians, like himself) gave him an extraordinary influence throughout all Gaul. Far-away tyrants, like Valentinian I of Milan and the usurper, Maximus, at Treves, set free their worst enemies at Uncle Martin's simple request.

"This is the kind of uncle that St. Patrick's mother found again when, after many years of mingled happiness and sorrow in north England, she was brought to Tours by her illustrious son," says my French research man.

Certainly, Patrick embraced the monastic life at Tours. The A. E. F. went in droves with Stoddard Dewey to visit "St. Patrick's cave," down the river at Marmoutier, where those great men of old retired at times to get a little peace.

Tours was a great and fashionable city, and a cave, it seems, was the one sure refuge to get a chance to think and to pull themselves together. The new fashions came from Rome, as today from Paris.

"What shall I say of the frivolity of these times" wrote Gregory of Tours in his "Historia Francorum," book two, chapter fifty-two. "The sight of a new garment come from Rome makes women quit their hearths. They call to each other, they crowd and jostle, they fill the town with rumor. Oh, vanity of vanities! A few yards of silk dress goods can put a city in revolution!"

Ten years passed. Patrick did not spend them all at Tours, because he made trips, one to a monastery of the Isle of Lerins, in the Mediterranean, opposite Cannes, and once as far as Italy, but his settled monastery was that of Tours until his ordination and departure to Ireland.

St. Patrick was a gentleman! He left his mother well cared for. "Conchessa was cherished at Tours by a whole Christian population," says my French informant. "Indeed, she had a particular situation as the only living relative of St. Martin among them, who came to be venerated as a saint immediately after his death. Sulpicius Severus and Gregory of Tours have passages on the subject which are unmistakable in the light of my researches. I am sure that Patrick had no sister on the Isle of Lerins."

He began his researches for St. Martin, not St. Patrick. But "it is the same family, and a beautiful discovery threw the interest back to Patrick."

"I think," he says, "that I have discovered positively what I take to be the sepulchral portrait of St. Patrick's mother, Conchessa, unearthed during the excavations made in 1860, which led to the rediscovery of St. Martin's tomb."

Like many other objects found on private ground in those extensive diggings, this tombstone was concealed by a private collector who acquired it. It has never become known, and even now its present possessor fears that the French Beaux Arts may get wind of it and claim it—"a fifth century piece, large and beautiful."

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IN France this sort of treasure-trove is pounced on by the state. Thus the authentic gold head of this very St. Martin of Tours, owned for 1,000 years by the town of Soudeilles, but "classed" as "a national monument," was recently seized by the Beaux Arts because an American collector tried to buy it.

"Is this tombstone portrait of St. Patrick's mother equally authentic" I asked.

"It was found exactly where it ought to have been," replied my French research man. "The letters 'Conc——' are visible on it, among others, but, unfortunately, the first man who owned it was an amateur. The lettering is on a broken piece, which he could not make fit at the bottom. He hoped to find other pieces, but never did so. The whole tombstone was found in a broken state and he put it together. The head is joined at a bad angle. I shall explain all that in my book."

Is it true?

Have we here an unmistakable effigy of St. Patrick's mother? As it makes her look comparatively young, she could not have lived long after Patrick went on his mission to Ireland. The palm in her right hand does not necessarily indicate martyrdom—there were no martyrs in Christian Tours in that century. Or is there here some fascinating fact that we may never know?

In any case, the family history of these great ones comes out in fair pictures, beyond what one might expect from delving into the uncatalogued masses of the Vatican and the garrets of the Ecoles des Chartes in Paris, where, among the baled spoil of abbeys, not unpacked since the French revolution, anything may be found.

Clear it shines out—St. Patrick was a gentleman and came of good people.

AUTHENTIC GOLDEN BUST OF ST. PATRICK'S UNCLE, ST. MARTIN OF TOURS, WHOSE FATHER WAS A ROMAN MILITARY TRIBUNE.

SUPPOSED TOMBSTONE OF ST. PATRICK'S MOTHER, FOUND AT TOURS IN 1910. HER NAME WAS CONCESSA, AND SHE WAS A NIECE OF ST. MARTIN OF TOURS.

Marconi Sees Great Development of Wireless.

(Continued from Second Page.)

government control has been removed from railway operations some progress will be made in the practicable development along the lines indicated by us.

I have suggested that the day has not arrived for the so-called pocket wireless set. The sensitiveness of wireless receivers has been so greatly increased in recent years that it is possible even now to possess portable apparatus capable of receiving signals from high-powered stations many hundreds of miles distant, but this is quite a different matter from transmitting signals. For wireless transmission it is still necessary to raise a wire a considerable height above the transmitter, and if serious distances have to be covered, it is also necessary to have a source of electrical power greater than can be at present conveniently carried by an individual. How near we have approached the ideal of a portable transmitter was demonstrated by the Marconi company a few months ago, when the London fire brigade conducted wireless telephonic communications between one of their tenders on Putney Heath and their headquarters at Southwark, a distance of some seven or eight miles. In this case the aerial wire was hung from the branches of a small tree near the roadside and the apparatus employed was stored in a small space at the back of the vehicle.

One thing is certain, the science of wireless telephony will not stand still. Like the ordinary telephone, it is passing through a period when it lacks official encouragement and is dependent for its salvation entirely upon those who are engaged in its development.

In twenty years the mysterious all-pervading ether will be surging with human speech conveyed by ether waves. Whispered conversation with friends in lands as remote as Australia will probably be commonplace; and science, having revealed to humanity another wonder of nature, will have forged thereby a fresh link in the much-desired chain of international fellowship.

Bells Under Water.

IT has been suggested that lighthouses should have warning bells under as well as above water, because in a storm sound travels farther under water than through the air. Experiments, both in England and this country, have proved that a bell stuck under water can be heard at a long distance in the hold of a ship. One investigator, who has been exploring the air, has made some interesting observations on the best methods of signaling by sound. By applying a parabolic reflector to a speaking trumpet, he is able to send the waves of sound in a straight, compact beam, resembling in its directness a ray of light.

The Asiatic buffalo is a very valuable animal, its milk containing three and a half times as much butter fat as that of the cow.

Who and What Was Columbus?

PARIS, March 2, 1922.

THE trip of a Spanish prelate to New York to inform Americans that Christopher Columbus was a Spaniard and a Jew by race, and the answer of the Knights of Columbus that St. Peter was also a Jew by race, and that their history commission is likely to publish a monograph prepared by experts in possession of all the known facts regarding Columbus, are news of the day that vividly interest Paris. The greatest of living Americanists who is an American in virtue of 200 years of family descent in Louisiana, Henry Vignaud, has published for his ninety-first birthday a 200-page summary of his giant books, in which all the known facts of Columbus' life are indexed and repertoried.

Like the seven cities that claimed to be the birthplace of Homer dead, so different places and races have claimed, do claim and will claim the birth of Columbus, no matter what the proven facts. Thus the city of Calvi, in the island of Corsica, which has already Napoleon, has just claimed once more that it is the real birthplace of Christopher Columbus. Spanish patriotism and Jewish race feeling are naturally interested, and Italians do not like to lose one of their chief glories.

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THANKS to Mr. Vignaud, who is honorary councilor of the American embassy in Paris, after a long lifetime there of active service, the writer is able to state briefly the known facts and their proofs.

In 1898 Senor de La Riega discovered in the archives of Pontevedra, in Spanish Galicia, the following facts: In that town there was living in the fifteenth century a family of Spanish Jews named Colon, the family name by which Christopher Columbus was known to Ferdinand and Isabel, and which he left to his descendants in Spain. This family, during the troubles made for Jews by race or religion in Spain, disappeared in the year 1444, when, according to some historians, the great Columbus was already born. Now, the father of this family was named Domingo, and his two sons are named in the Pontevedra archives Christopher and Bartholomew—the very names of the great Christopher and his father and known brother.

Nothing else is known of this family, but Senor de La Riega, because of the coincidence of the names and time, persuaded himself that this must be the real family of Columbus, which must have taken refuge in Genoa under the Italianized name of "Colombo," and that the two sons, Christopher and Bartholomew, when they came back to Spain concealed their real nationality and race for obvious reasons.

Now, all this would be possible and perhaps probable if it were not for one thing. The archives of Genoa contain a whole series of notary's deeds and records settling family properties and other interests of the real family of Columbus for generations back and including Christopher, the discoverer, and his brother Bartholomew, another brother, Diego, whom he induced to come to Spain, where he died in 1515, and a sister, Blanchinetta. The discoverer himself gave Genoa as the place of his birth and family to Ferdinand and Isabella when those monarchs were making up family estates to reward him for the good work he had done to Spain.

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BY the records of the Genoa archives, the grandfather of Christopher Columbus was named John (Giovanni) and was still living in 144. His son Domenico (Dominick, or, in Spanish, Domingo) was a weaver in Genoa and Savona from 1439 to 1474 and also kept an inn, and after 1450 was guardian of one of the city gates. He married Susanna Fontanarossa of the neighborhood, and their eldest son, Christopher, was most probably born in 1451. The father was still living in 1494, two years after the discovery of America, and his creditors in 1500, after his death, called on his now famous son, Christopher, the discoverer, to pay his debts.

These known facts—since the proofs would satisfy any court in the world—do away with the supposition based only on the coincidence of three names common enough at the time in the Jewish family of Spain. They also destroy the legend of the noble origin of Christopher Columbus, which he himself, for obvious and pardonable reasons, seems to have allowed to be propagated during his lifetime, and which is repeated in such lives as that by Washington Irving. But that is another story.

STERLING HEILIG.

Forcing River to Dive.

A NOVEL piece of engineering was not long ago completed in connection with the building of an aviation field in England. The site selected was a pleasant piece of countryside, consisting of a wooded park, bisected by a little stream about thirty feet wide and two feet deep. This waterway is largely artificial in character. It was constructed mainly along a branch of the River Colne in 1638 and 1639, between Longford and Hampton Court Palace, with ornamental fish and water ponds, and it was used for this purpose until recent years. It is eleven miles long.

The decision to convert the park into an aerodrome made it necessary to divert this river, which, being raised above the level of the ground where it crosses the park, presented an obstacle as well as a danger. Had the river been running in a natural bed below the level of the ground, instead of in an artificial channel above the ground level, it could have been merely covered over. The need for putting it at a lower level led to the decision to carry it underground through the aerodrome by means of a reinforced concrete inverted siphon, and this plan having been approved of, a detailed scheme was got out.

Has Many Jobs.

JOHN W. WEEKS, who, don't forget, was second only to the nominee for President in the republican national convention of 1916, receiving this support from twenty-five states, breathes a very sincere sigh of relief at the end of each week of his official life. Being Secretary of War and frequently called upon to testify before some committee of Congress is only part of his duties. He is also chairman of the Council of National Defense, a member of the Smithsonian Institution, of the Arlington Memorial Amphitheater Commission, chairman of the commission on memorial to women of the civil war, president of the National Forest Reservation Commission, on the Grant Memorial commission, chairman of the Meade Memorial commission, on the United States interdepartmental social hygiene board, member of the Rock Creek and Potomac Parkway commission and chairman of the federal water-power commission. Aside from that he has nothing to do but try to beat President Harding playing golf.